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Weather Forecast for Thursday.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—For Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Kansas: Showers and thunderstorms; variable winds.

For Missouri: Fair in northern portion; showers in southern portion; southerly winds.

For Nebraska: Fair; northerly winds, becoming variable.

OUR EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURES.

The tremendous balance of trade in favor of the United States, which has shown itself in the monthly reports of the past year and which is constantly on the increase, is cause for general congratulation among the people of this country. The real significance of this increase of exports as compared with imports is to be found in the character rather than in the volume of business. Those who have, for political reasons or because of innate pessimism, looked upon our present prosperity as an accidental wave, due to large crops at home and short crops abroad, should give some attention to the details of our statistical reports.

For example, the report of the bureau of statistics for the first ten months of the current fiscal year shows that for the first time in our history the exports of manufactured goods exceed the imports of the same class. The excess for the ten months is, in round numbers, \$40,000,000, with prospects that it will reach \$50,000,000 for the whole year, the total value of these exports being estimated at \$200,000,000, while ten years ago the annual export of manufactures was only \$130,000,000. As an evidence of recent growth, due to the industrial encouragement given by a better protective tariff, it is well to point out that in 1888 the excess of manufactured imports over manufactured exports was \$12,413,731, while for 1897 it was \$194,720,724, and for 1897 it was \$194,720,724.

Our exports of iron and steel manufactures in 1898 were valued at \$15,000,000, while those for the current year are estimated at \$40,000,000. But, while iron and steel products take the lead in the increased foreign demand, there is a steady advance all along the line of American manufactures, showing that our big industries have successfully met foreign competition in many lines hitherto monopolized by European competitors.

We have, therefore, assumed a position before the world as something more than an agricultural nation upon which others must largely depend for cotton, grain, provisions and breadstuffs. Our immense exports of raw material still increase, and we have the satisfaction of turning the balance on manufactured goods in our favor by many millions.

GOOD WORK AT HUTCHINSON.

The long, hard light expected at Hutchinson this week ended before sundown of the first day of the convention. Three ballots sufficed to determine a question which had been warmly discussed throughout the state for many weeks—*to wit*, who is to be the next governor of Kansas? The general belief is that the convention made a wise choice. W. E. Stanley is a gentleman of excellent reputation and first-class capabilities. He has been a lawyer rather than a politician, but his ability in politics is well demonstrated by the fact that he so easily took an important nomination from a number of the most experienced and skillful politicians in the state. Harry Richter, of Council Grove, nominated for lieutenant governor, is one of the best men in Kansas from any worthy standpoint considered. He has had much experience in public life, and his record is without a flaw. The ticket as a whole is probably as strong as one as has been put forward in the state for many years. It will make a powerful campaign on a prosperity and good government platform and will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

MR. COWHARD'S NOMINATION.

In nominating Mr. W. B. Cowhard for a second term in congress the Democrats of the Fifth district evidently desired to show their appreciation for what their representative had not done as a statesman. The honor was certainly not based upon Mr. Cowhard's accomplishments in Washington. After all, in the Democratic party a negative record is frequently better than a positive one. In Mr. Cowhard's case it is fair to presume that if he can be kept in congress long enough he may do something for his country and his district, for he is a young man and there is much to be done. So far, his only distinction has been the assumption of an attitude antagonistic to the administration at a time when statesmen of all parties had the courage to lay aside partisanship at the dictation of patriotism. He might have done better. He ought to have done better, for this is likely to be a Republican year in the Fifth district of Missouri, as well as in Oregon and other places, especially when Democrats have nothing stronger than their repudiated silver heresies to offer as platform material.

STEPHENS AND HIS MACHINE.

The leading Democratic organ of Kansas City is authority for the statement that Lon V. Stephens, the Democratic governor of Missouri, has issued orders to his representatives in this city—Messrs. Gregory and Ward, of the police board—that the governor must be emphatically indorsed at the Democratic county convention, which will be held at Independence next Saturday. This order is being made effective, it is said, by the demand on the part of the commissioners that county officials, and politicians who are not officials, must come late into and suffer the opposition of the entire machine to which the police department, the brewers

and saloonkeepers have been made subservient.

To insist upon the indorsement of such a notorious incompetent as Governor Stephens will, of course, precipitate a fight in the convention and do irreparable damage to the party's prospects next fall; but the governor does not care for party success or public weal so long as he is given personal indorsement. He fully realizes the machine power he possesses by virtue of his control of the municipal police boards of the state, and he is resolved to use that power to the utmost for the gratification of his own vanity and, as he supposes, for the advancement of his political interests.

The obstruction of his own party's movements is unfortunately not the only use to which the governor can put, and does put, his unreasonable authority in the large cities of the state. By making the police departments completely subservient to state dictation he makes it a personal machine and violates its public usefulness. Favors are granted or withheld according to the willingness of applicants to do the governor's bidding. We are faced to face with a return of the extreme corruption that disgraced Kansas City a few years ago when matters became so bad that investigations were inaugurated resulting in temporary reforms in the police department.

It is particularly appropriate to call attention to this subject at this time, for an ordinance involving the question of home rule has been before the council for some weeks, and at the last meeting was prevented from passing by the inexplicable action of one member, and that member, too, was elected on the Republican ticket. All of the Democratic members, in spite of the abuses heaped upon their own party by Governor Stephens, have stood for a perpetuation of the present unjust and mischievous system, while all of the Republican members save one have come out for reform as pledged by the Republican party.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE PHILIPPINES.

The information conveyed in the consular reports about the affairs of the Philippines is all very well in its way, but to the average reader it is not half so interesting to know that our imports from Manila amount to \$8,000,000 a year as it is to know how an American will fare who goes to that country to live. In the June number of McClure's Magazine Mr. Joseph Barle Stevens has given an entertaining account of life in the distant islands as he found it during a stay of several years. He was one of only three American residents at the time of his visit, and this fact in itself is sufficient to show what an out of the way place we have recently added to the domain of Uncle Sam.

First he gives us a description of the climate and other natural phenomena. In Manila there are three seasons, the cool, the hot-dry and the wet. From November to March the afternoons are fresh and the nights cold. From March till June are the stifling days of perpetual heat. In June the thunder storms begin and they gradually lead to the rainy season of July to October, and this is a season "when street boats are at a premium and typhoon signals are always hoisted." These typhoons work terrible destruction, or at least they would work terrible destruction if it were not for the fact that houses are built so cheaply and so flimsily that the loss of whole blocks of them does not amount to much in dollars and cents. Mr. Stevens tells us that a medium blow will capsize 3,000 of them, and to illustrate the completeness of the catastrophe he mentions the case of an English friend who went home one afternoon to find nothing on the site of his house but an upright piano, which was too heavy to blow away. However this illustration has been modified for the purpose of the "wind," for a typhoon that cannot lift a piano appears very contemptible when compared with a Western tornado.

Next in dangerous attributes come the earthquakes. Out of respect to these the houses are built low, without plaster, and with thin glass shells taking the place of window glass. Gas pipes are not allowed and water pipes which bring the Manila supply run along the surface of the ground on smooth cross ties so that they may be severely jostled without breaking. Further along in the line of epidemics, according to this author, come house snakes, which live up in the rafters of the houses and chase rats in the small hours of the night. These reptiles are big and vicious looking and very annoying, though really they are entirely harmless and have a system of operation which gives the timid sleeper some cause of trouble. Mr. Stevens tells us that they catch food enough in one night to last them a week, and except for one night out of the seven the good man finds his alarm limited to those caused by the rats.

Smallpox is the worst scourge known on the islands. Yellow fever is unknown, though malaria and typhoid are more common. "It doesn't pay to be ill in Manila, for good doctors are scarce, and one sees his own coffin brought into the room before life is over, and finds himself buried on the very day of his death." Mr. Stevens tells us that he has seen a mother with a child suffering from smallpox take her seat in a crowded Manila street car, and no one appeared other than indifferent to the act.

Living is very cheap. The first thing a European does on his arrival is to order a dozen suits of linen clothes which may be obtained from a tailor at \$2 a suit. Servants may be employed at \$4 a month. "On this salary," says Mr. Stevens, "my own servant paid 10 per cent to the government, supported a wife and two children, bought all his own food, and ran a fighting cock. I don't know how much he stole, but he used sometimes to call on me for an advance, saying he needed it to bury some of his relatives. At first I was touched at his loss, but later on, when he tried to bury his mother twice over, I found it necessary to keep a record of his family tree in order not to be led into paying in advance on the cost of two funerals for the same person."

Cock fighting is mentioned as the national sport. No islander ever becomes so poor that he does not own a fighting rooster, and all are born gamblers. In evidence of the high value placed upon these fighting birds our author tells us they are the first thing carried out of a house in case of fire. As a rule the natives are content with plenty of rice to eat and plenty of cigarettes to smoke, and the only reason they are at war with Spain is because they are not let alone by the church and taxgatherer. Between the two they are stripped of almost everything. It is a mistake to suppose, says Mr. Stevens, that Spain has had the natives in subjection. "The wilder tribes of the interior have never recognized the

rule of anyone, and not thirty miles from the moats of old Manila are races of dwarfs who know not or care not of Spain's existence." Whole islands have resisted the government of Spain from the beginning, and when one reads of the vast sums taken out of the country by the Spanish government, or looted from the people by Spanish officials, it must be remembered that they came from a small portion of the 5,000,000 population and were therefore all the more burdensome.

It is with these facts in mind that we may begin to comprehend the difficulties in establishing a satisfactory government in our new colonial possessions. The sinking of the Spanish squadron and the silencing of the guns of Cavite were as nothing to the conquest which must be made before the region acknowledges the canons of civilization. If we conclude to keep the islands, perhaps through the exercise of justice and mercy we may be able quickly to do what Spain has failed to accomplish in three centuries of war and bloodshed. Whether or not it is worth the trial is a question we soon will be called upon to answer.

If Admiral Camara is really on his way across the Atlantic, there will soon be another Spanish squadron at the bottom of the sea. The Cadiz fleet is not swift enough to elude our ships as the Cape Verde fleet did for some time after its arrival. Camara will have to fight, which means that his vessels will quickly be destroyed.

The Philippine insurgents want it understood that while Admiral Dewey is a great fighter he is not the whole thing. They are participating in this war themselves.

With Stanley and prosperity against Leedy and incompetency, Kansas Republicans ought to roll up one of their old-time majorities this year.

It can be said for Congressman Coward that he has done little harm at Washington. A man who has done nothing has not done much harm.

Silver statesmen are firm in the conviction that the deliverance of the Cubans will be a much nobler achievement if the seigniorage is coined.

Is it possible that the Hon. Joe Bailey is silent all this time, or is his voice drowned by the tumult of war? Either theory seems incredible.

Spain is reluctantly coming to the conclusion that intervention is almost as impracticable and hopeless as Spanish victory.

It has been demonstrated by the present war that the great naval power is the country whose galleys can hit what they shoot at.

The rainy season at Santiago is very serious. They have had several heavy showers of hot steel there recently.

Admiral Sampson has not entered Santiago harbor, but he is doing some vigorous knocking at the door.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Rev. Mr. Combs certainly has the right notion in saying that "Remember the Maine" is no good watchword for this war, but instead, "Remember the Starving Cubans." When this cruel war is over we shall find out who is responsible for the blowing up of the Maine—perhaps—and then it will be time to remember the infamous act with a vengeance. But it cannot be assumed that such an act met with the general approval of the people of Spain, and that is not what we are to thrash the old country for. Americans will never forget the men who were sent so cruelly to their death, but Americans will not put a felon's stigma upon unconvicted men—not even if they are Spaniards.

Albert Edward, heir apparent to the throne of England, may take his place when the time comes without any protest from us. The man who, with all the traditions of English royalty and snobbery beneath him, could do so gracefully and utterly unconvictional an act as to bow and kiss the hand of Mrs. Gladstone, as he is reported to have done at the funeral in Westminster abbey, has after all some of the stuff that ought to be in a king. Surely the spirit of democracy, which kept Gladstone a commoner all these years of real kingship, has touched even the heir of the Guelphs. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Gladstone will not yield to the temptation to become Countess Gladstone.

Rev. E. E. Hale recently reprinted his remarkable story, "A Man Without a Country," as particularly appropriate to these stirring times when every American seems proud that he has a country, and prefixed to the same a preface containing this strong and characteristic sentence: "It has come to me that no victory, saving a woman who is the guardian of a boy, can be permitted to starve at pleasure 300,000 of God's children. The world is so closely united that when such a vice-principal does undertake to commit such an iniquity, somebody shall hold his hands. It has come to pass just now that this somebody is the United States of America." It is to be hoped that Mr. Hale sent a marked copy of the paper to young Alphonso of Castile.

Typographical Union No. 6, of New York city, is doing a very sensible thing, which the rest of the world, including other labor unions, ought to hear about. It has secured from the city a tract of unoccupied land 50 acres in extent, and is putting it into the hands of unoccupied members to work on the tract under the guidance of an expert in truck farming. Each applicant has a half acre to work on. In addition to furnishing considerable sustenance for men who would otherwise be earning nothing, the union is contributing to the health fund of the men occupied, and possibly leading to their ultimate employment in an occupation much more wholesome than that of typesetting—an occupation which is the dream of many a "four" printer's weary nights.

The Outlook, following some reports in the London Times, claims that prohibition has proven itself a failure in Norway. But the Outlook fails to quote a second reporter in the Times, who shows that the Norwegian cities referred to by the first reporter never had real local option even, but that the statute covers only distilled liquors. It seems that the lighter kinds of malt liquors have been used but little until recent years in Norway, and that they are not covered by the temperance legislation of the country, so that the statistics from Norway really give no light on the subject of prohibition. The consumption of distilled liquors has been very

much reduced under the Gothenburg system and local option, but there is no restriction on the sale of beer, and intemperance in the consumption of these drinks has enormously increased within the last few years.

The Tammany tiger has shown his teeth again in a way to make the blood of the civilized citizen of New York run cold. Mayor Van Wyck was appointed to a high position in the metropolitan police force a deputy who feigned sickness to escape the light of the Lexow investigation, but was nevertheless removed from the force on his general reputation. Van Wyck promptly restored him and secured payment for the time while he was in hiding, and now, after maneuvering a good man out of the position, he appoints this should-be-fair to a place of authority in the bureau of law and order for the great city. Poor old New York!

Rochester, N. Y., has a "Fortnightly Ignorance Club," and, strange to say, it is composed of women. The members make it the one article of their fellowship that everyone shall be free to confess any amount of ignorance without being laughed at. Whether it is the idea that it takes the members a fortnight each time to find out something they do not know, or whether they load up during that period with enough questions to keep them occupied for two hours, we are not informed. The thing that puzzles us is why these women don't ask their husbands, if there is anything they want to know. What's the use of a club? It shows that women will form a club without any provocation whatever.

The Christian Observer doesn't like the Outlook's argument that it is all right for a preacher to say what he doesn't believe, providing he explains that he doesn't mean it, or, as the Observer puts it, "that the minister may say what he does not believe as though he did believe it, provided those who hear him understand that he is a humbug. And this is what the Outlook calls honesty in the pulpit. From such honesty, good Lord, deliver us!" We might have hesitated to put it so plainly, but the Observer has hit upon what seems to us the simple untheological way of looking at the matter. If men are not to try to say what they mean in the most straightforward manner possible, there is an end of all rational reasoning and of all attempts to understand one another.

KANSAS TOPICS.

The Populists of Kansas are drifting without a compass upon a boundless sea. Their ships go hither and thither at the will of the vagrant winds. Their sails flap idly in the intermittent winds. Around the whole horizon no lighthouse sets the course or guides the way. The darkness is patiently they wait the coming of the rising storm.

These few nautical reflections are superinduced by the character of the platforms adopted at the county and district conventions of the party of humbug reform. These platforms are as timorous and indecisive as a maiden in her first love affair. As a rule they refuse to express more than a few stereotyped sentiments, such as that to be found in the platform of any political party anywhere. They are silent on the money question, on the tariff question, on the foreign question, on every question, indeed, of any moment or importance. They do not even touch the fact that their circuit seems likely to have a clear field, now that Judge Higbee, his principal competitor, has withdrawn from the race in order to run for prosecuting attorney in Schuyler county.

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Thanks to the judgment of the officers of the Twenty-first, no canteen has or will be established in this regiment. In this we stand pretty well alone, for as we much as nine out of ten regiments maintain canteens, the men can expend their month's pay and year's health in advance. The difference can be easily seen when we go out for a big battle exercise in the heat of the day—first down will go a New Yorker or two, to be hauled back to camp under an ambulance. Next will be a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and so on down the line. In the meantime the "shortgrasses" boys are showing the stuff they are made of, and it isn't the German national drink, either.

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MISSOURI POINTS.

Speaking of Missouri miles—but why allow further to Curator Jones and the Columbia British flag incident?

Matron Gribben, in St. Joe, wears a star and travels free thereon over the city street railway lines, just like any other member of the police department.

Shortstop Longenecker, of the Lamar baseball club, if he is symmetrically built, ought to be able to reach up and get the high ones when they come his way.

Edward Griffith, the Santa Fe brakeman who was run over and killed the first of the week at Corinth, Ill., was a son of Conductor "Dad" Griffith, who runs between St. Joseph and Topeka.

As elsewhere in the state, the wheat crop in Lawrence county is unusually promising this season, and many of the farmers there have contracted their entire yield. It is said, at a uniform rate of 90 cents a bushel.

In connection with correspondence with reference to the establishing of a cob pipe factory at Osceola, the fact has been brought out that a similar institution at Washington, Mo., pays the farmers of the vicinity nearly \$100,000 annually for cob alone.

Colonel Caffee, of Garthage, who is in command of the Second regiment, says in a recent letter from Chickamauga to a friend at home that he has several times refused \$50, and can get it at any time, for that \$50 Webb City horse that he took down with him.

Bert Norton, of Macon, a well known young Missouri Republican, who is seeking a judgeship in his circuit, has brought out, as he likely will have a clear field, now that Judge Higbee, his principal competitor, has withdrawn from the race in order to run for prosecuting attorney in Schuyler county.

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Company B, of Larned, were remembered in style by the home folks, who sent them an enormous fruit cake. It was the largest cake I ever saw. The base was nearly as large as an ordinary washbasin, and the top, cupola, I might say, was like a dish pan. It more than went the rounds of their eighty men before the top was reached. I got in on the ground floor and got a generous chunk, and will say that; contrary to most large cakes, it was just elegant.
Our company is "drawn" by their mules and two United States covered wagons, of which the fellows seem unduly proud. The position of wagoner, strange to relate, is one much sought after. One of the boys from Larned was finally selected to keep the honor of being raised with a mule. He has already demonstrated considerable ability, for by some mysterious method he has worked the quartermaster for the best eight miles in the regiment.
Thanks to the judgment of the officers of the Twenty-first, no canteen has or will be established in this regiment. In this we stand pretty well alone, for as we much as nine out of ten regiments maintain canteens, the men can expend their month's pay and year's health in advance. The difference can be easily seen when we go out for a big battle exercise in the heat of the day—first down will go a New Yorker or two, to be hauled back to camp under an ambulance. Next will be a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and so on down the line. In the meantime the "shortgrasses" boys are showing the stuff they are made of, and it isn't the German national drink, either.

A New Yorker was heard to remark yesterday that "everyone is sick but those damned Kansans, and nothing can hurt them but cannon balls or bayonets."

BOSTON DIVIDED ON PLE.

From the Chicago News.
Boston has begun an anti-ple crusade which threatens to divide friends and break homes. Not since the massacre at the town pump, more than a century ago, has the famous city been so stirred, and the end is not yet.

The board of education began it. It forbade the pupils to bring pie with their lunches. And, as pie is thoroughly American, some of the older families protested against the board's order. It was a blow, they said, against an institution as much as if it had banned the use of the English language. They would turn against the pie his mother used to make was unworthy of his country and was wholly out of place in Boston, which is the center of the pie belt.

The anti-pleists claim that they are modern in thought and action, and in preventing the child from looking long on the pie when it is hot or cold they are performing a service to the country. With much truth they point to Americans as a race rapidly becoming dyspeptic, and place the blame thereon on pie. The mind and soul cannot, they say, progress to Emersonian heights if the stomach is full of mince, pumpkin, apple or any other pie.

To which the champions of pie retort that Emerson himself was a pie-eater; Dr. Holmes loved pie and never retired without having a quarter-section of his favorite mince, with a dash of brandy on it; while Lowell, the ripest of ripe poets, was a pie-eater. And back to history they point. Hawthorne, Webster, Thoreau—all were inveterate pie-eaters, as were the whole families of Adamses and other mental and spiritual giants.

But the board's order is in force, and no pie is now seen in the temples of education. It seems a shame that the nineteenth century, which has been so happy, should go out with Boston divided against itself and over what always has been the very backbone of our national fabric. Still, this is an age of progress and we may yet see the day when there will be no pie in our midst.

CASTLES IN AMERICA.

Theodore Roberts, is the Critic.
The Count de Dos Toros and Hijo Grande sat together in the latter gentleman's ancient hall, sipping Spanish claret and building castles in America.

Said De Dos Toros: "I have already peeped into the future, and I see a nation in America. I will fight for his majesty and help him whip that pig-country."

He blew a thin thread of smoke from his lips and watched it curl upward toward the arched ceiling of the room. He held the colored woman of Jefferson City, and their offerings, the Tribune says, were much the most elaborate and beautiful that were sent in.

For a while they sat silent, heavy with meditation. Then spoke De Dos Toros: "These our estates near Valencia border on one another—let it be so in America. I will ask his majesty to give unto me Chicago. Count de Dos Toros de Chicago. How is that?"

"To other aristocratic face brightened with a glow of a beautiful life."
"Then I will have New York. I will be Count Hijo Grande de New York, and we will continue to be neighbors."

"They lifted their glasses and gulped the claret, smiling in spite of it."